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It's So Nice
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IT'S SO NICE

It's so nice! The saliva of the air, it tastes radioactive and holy, like wingbeats in the brain. Don't listen to me. The animal of despair that lives under my steps is starved and moaning like an airplane. The stars are little sicknesses of the night. Don't listen! My tongue unscrolls in its cage. Nothing tastes good any longer. Someone take me by the hand! I've got to rest. My eyes knock quietly in the waves of my head.